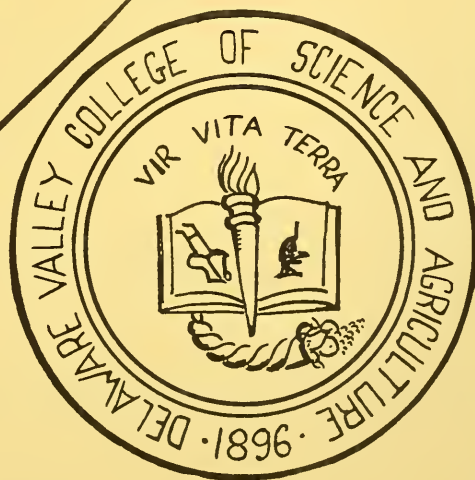
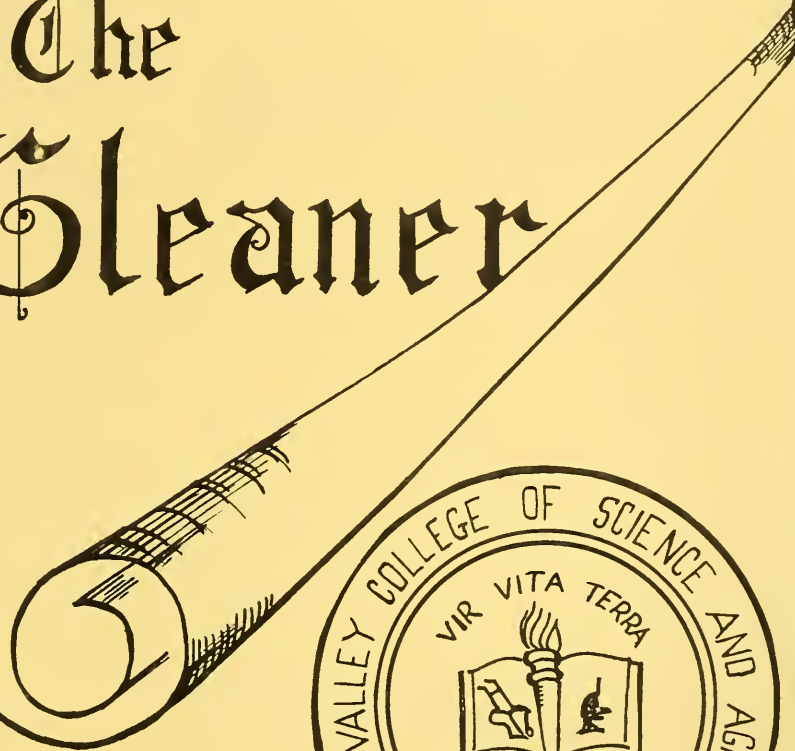


Jan. 3, 1913


The Gleaner



JANUARY 3, 1963

VOL. LIX

NO. 1



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Gleaner

DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE

of

SCIENCE & AGRICULTURE

Vol. LIX

WINTER, 1963

No. 1

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THE GLEANER is published four times in the school year by the students of the Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Subscription rate—\$2.00 per year.

What Happened to The Gleaner?

A. David Schurr

Jests, puns and all sorts of jokes are circulating about the school in reference to our literary magazine, the Gleaner. In fact, this isn't the only school laughing at the magazine. Whether or not you know it, copies of the Gleaner are sent to other schools and copies of their mags are received here and kept on file. The Gleaner is conspicuous by its absence.

The Gleaner reflects the academic interest of the student body and, conversely, the amount of apathy present. The fact that we may only get out one issue of the Gleaner this semester is a disgrace and a shame. I believe there are many students at this school with proven ability who could write articles for our magazine, and students that may have talent if they try.

Those of you who have never had a story or article in print don't know the secret inner glow of accomplishment that is felt when you read it. This isn't "sissy" talk; I defy anyone to deny a feeling of pride in work accepted by others.

I am not writing this as a pep talk, but rather as an earnest appeal. Please keep the Gleaner going. Send in contributions, regardless of what you think of your ability. Any story, joke, comments, or opinions will be considered.

THE COVER . . .

This cover depicts the change since the GLEANER was started some 50 years ago.

We would like to thank Mr. James A. O'Reilly for his time and help in designing and drawing the cover.

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We, the members of the GLEANER staff, would like to take this opportunity to wish our readers a happy and prosperous new year.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Disastrous Short Cut

Matthew Polis

I'm perpetually searching for short cuts. When I was in fourth grade I discovered that in order to stay at the top of my class, it was necessary to struggle. My parents would say: "Work." It is the ubiquitous, one-syllable word, incredibly easy to pronounce but impossibly hard to produce. As a fourth grader I found work to be quite uncomfortable. More attractive pastimes namely fishing, baseball and nothing (sometimes called loafing) seemed to scoff at my feeble ability to concentrate on the chief industries of Argentina, so it was during that fourth grade year that I began my still unfinished quest for labor-saving short cuts.

Naturally my first short cuts usually ended when I was caught. I was a poor cheater then, and I haven't improved in spite of all my raw-nerved, teary-eyed experiences. I also got a headache every time I cheated. My teacher was quick to lecture about the evils of dishonesty. The old woman would sit down with me at recess time and start the sermon. Her breath was foul, hot, and unbearable punctuated with clouds of tiny, warm drops of saliva. These showers poured when her words came so rapidly that she had to pronounce p's and b's hard and sharp or the next word would overlap the first one. After three of these talks, I decided that I'd much rather be outside skinning my knees with the rest of my friends instead of going through another half hour of living death with Miss Peacock. I stopped cheating and started hunting for another way to abbreviate my work time. I tried hookey but that produced approximately the same results as cheating did. The only solution left was magic.

If I had spent as much time studying as I did developing rituals for passing tests, I am sure my present themes would be spelled perfectly. The hocus-pocus procedure was a logical one which gradually formed from sound evidence. On the day of one particular test, I happened to chase a classmate twice around the room and then open a window for the teacher when she arrived. Since I did well in that test, I always ran around the room twice and opened a window before any examination. Now that I think of it, study was never part of my rituals.

Summer came but my voodooism did not leave. I decided that the sum-

mer would magically last longer if I did not count the days. It was during one of these summer days that I was sure I would never see school again whether I counted the days or not.

It happened while I was raking leaves which should have been gathered six months earlier. I had cleverly managed to avoid the raking job through ingenious plans which involved not being around when the rake was. But it had finally caught up with me so I was blistering my hands with the splintery rake while my ten year old mind was frantically searching for a way to escape the job that was already half done. Warily I looked at the long pile of leaves which had to be carried to the compost heap. Being a relatively brilliant and conniving boy, I decided burning was easier, less tiring and more fun than carrying. Before my conscience or horse sense could stop me, I lit the dry brown leaves from all sides. The warmth and hypnotic effect of the fire was pleasant. Then the warmth was no longer pleasant so I backed away. The smoke and heat went with me; my pants were on fire. I dropped the rake and wanted to run but my legs were someone else's for they were not under my control. The first sting of fire across my ankle melted my fear into panic. I prepared to die. It was going to happen to me, just like in the movies. I'd be dead, burned, not even buried. The leaves would never be raked and I'd never sit down to another supper. Not even a grave.

Suddenly I sensed the delicious cold pressure of water. Then I was shivering wet. Less frightened I turned around and looked into the hissing mouth of the hose with my father behind it. Dad never loses his patience or becomes upset. He simply looked at his scared sopping son and said: "I think I forgot the marshmallows."

When I finished raking the leaves, my muscles were sore.

GARDY'S

Books

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PRINTING

Doylestown, Pa.

Are We Protected?

Carl Sachs

Through the ages, man has been confronted with the problem of finding bigger and better protection from the elements and, more importantly, his enemies. The solution to the problem was, at first, a simple one. All that a man needed was a medium-sized cave, a boulder to roll in front of the entrance, and a fire at night to fend off wild animals. As time went by, however, the problem became more complex, and although wild animals became less of a worry, the tribe "on the other side of town" became a greater one, and it became necessary for a group of people to get together and build a wall around their community. In the beginning the wall was made of wood. But as technology improved, and we found better weapons with which to kill one another, the wooden fence gave way to a stone wall several feet thick.

Skipping a few more centuries, we now find that man has really gone a long way since the old days. The world's greatest scientific minds have gotten together, pooled their knowledge, juggled some atoms, and PRESTO— "The Bomb." Once again we find ourselves unable to sleep at night! A sturdy home with a strong lock is no longer sufficient. We have had to find a new way, and coin a new word for it. We did find it, and, I'm certain

you all know what that word is—"fallout shelter."

The fallout shelter has been the subject of many a debate, discussion and argument. Some argue that digging ourselves into the ground is not the answer, but rather, we should eliminate the cause of the problem—the bomb itself. Others contend that it's all well and good to carry placards reading "Ban the Bomb," but facts are facts, and it is vital that we protect ourselves. There are still others who feel that there will be no war, that no one would dare push the button we hear so much about. And since all of this protection is unnecessary, these same people go on, why waste millions of dollars on a civil defense program? We shall not attempt here to answer this question, nor will we delve more deeply into the various arguments mentioned. But we shall attempt to answer a few questions about fallout shelters, and the civil defense program, questions which came to our minds and the answers to which were received from various sources which include Mr. Charles McGill of the Buck's County Civil Defense Center, and several members of the faculty and the administration of Delaware Valley College, all of whom were very cooperative in giving us much of their time and patience.

One of the first thoughts which came to mind while reflecting upon

the civil defense program concerns delays. When the most recent cold-war crisis over Cuba came to a head, "C. D." swung into high gear. Large cities, towns, institutions, business firms, and private homeowners all announced that immediate steps would be taken to locate or build suitable fallout shelters, and to stock them with adequate food, water, sanitary facilities, special lighting and ventilating equipment. Some of these supplies would be purchased, others would be supplied free of charge through the civil defense department. But what happened? The answer is: very little, if anything, happened, once the crisis died down. Additional shelters were not provided. Many homeowners who had stocked emergency rations in the cupboard began to eat them for dinner. We asked why this was happening, and someone suggested, "Well, that's human nature, I guess. Once the fear dies down we tend to forget about it and go right back to normal." But, is this the whole answer? Let's take Delaware Valley College as an example.

Soon after President Kennedy's speech to the nation in October of 1962, a meeting of the faculty and administration was held. Also in attendance at the meeting was Mr. McGill, whom we mentioned earlier. Plans were discussed, and a few days

(Continued on page 7)



Are We Educated?

Martin R. Gilman

It is common knowledge that the college graduate not only makes more money during his lifetime but is a better rounded individual. It has been said that colleges prepare the student for survival in our "dog-eat-dog" society. How efficient is our college system? Are they adequately preparing their students?

One of the most valuable assets of the college graduate is an effective command of the English language and yet, this is one area upon which little emphasis is placed. It is towards the college graduate that the large business must turn for its source of leaders. In this supervisory position, the individual will be called upon to not only make decisions but also to write many reports. To preserve his new job, and the respect of his superiors the "new" supervisor must be able to write adequate, concise reports. How many of the students, throughout the country, who will be graduating in June, will be able to satisfy this requirement?

When studying for an examination there are two sources of information open to the student—text books and lecture notes. What is the student to do if there should be a difference of opinion between the instructor and the text? Does the student dare chance a sacrifice in his mark by reasoning out the answer and giving his own conclusions, or must he follow one or the other of his sources? In ancient Greece, the student simply changed his "sophist" if one with a more logical line of thinking came along. Let's face it, this change is no longer possible! Has the student the right to think for himself or must he regurgitate the information presented to him? Is the present day student really a well rounded individual or merely a human tape recorder trained to "spout forth" information whenever called upon?

I have already mentioned the examination and the mark. I firmly believe that too much emphasis is being placed upon the mark and not enough upon actual learning. When I say learning, I am not referring to the regurgitation method but rather to an understanding of the subject matter. There are, however, several courses which cannot follow this as botany, zoology, etc. but these are exceptions rather than the rule.

This article has not been written to

criticize the college system, but rather to cause the reader to think about the present system of learning. Education has made tremendous strides through the years and deserves great praise for this, but there is still a great deal of room for improvement. We must turn out students capable of making decisions if we are to remain a sovereign, free and independent nation.

* * *

"The Evolution of Libraries"

Bob Hilsen

The first library existed about eight thousand years ago!

The Mesopotamians wrote on wet clay tablets with a wedgeshaped stick called a "cuneus," hence their writing is known as "cuneiforms." These tablets were baked and the rarest of them placed in clay envelopes for safe keeping. Thousands of these tablets, stored in palaces and temples and arranged in subject order, have been found. Such palace collections were the first real libraries.

The most famous library of ancient times was the library in Alexandria established about 300 B. C. It had as many as 700,000 papyrus rolls, which were sheets of papyrus wound in a long roll around a knobbed stick and placed in chests or on shelves, and was catalogued under 120 classes.

It was the Romans who first had the idea of establishing public libraries. Twenty-eight public libraries existed in Rome during the 4th century!

With the beginning of the Christian Era, libraries became part of the church monasteries. The monks read and copied books and most of the libraries that existed were due to their efforts.

By 1400, the University of Oxford began to organize its library. This library, which is called the Bodleian, is today the biggest library in the world.

The public libraries of today are not more than 100 years old. English leaders urged public support of libraries early in the 19th century. Finally, in 1850, the English Parliament passed an act authorizing the establishment of public libraries and they have grown and developed since that time.

* * *

Steady Dating

Lee Thompson

Going steady is a stylized relationship. This means that a boy will not go out with any other girl and the girl will not go out with any other

boy. They count on each other for dates, dances, and social events. Of course there are exceptions to this rule.

In many cases the boy goes away to college, and to be denied female companionship for months is more than he can be expected to endure. It is not improper for him, under these circumstances, to go out with another girl with the understanding that the girl back home knows he is dating, and the girl he is dating understands he is going steady with a girl at home.

On the other hand he may be able to be completely faithful to his steady and therefore gain the respect and admiration of his school mates and friends.

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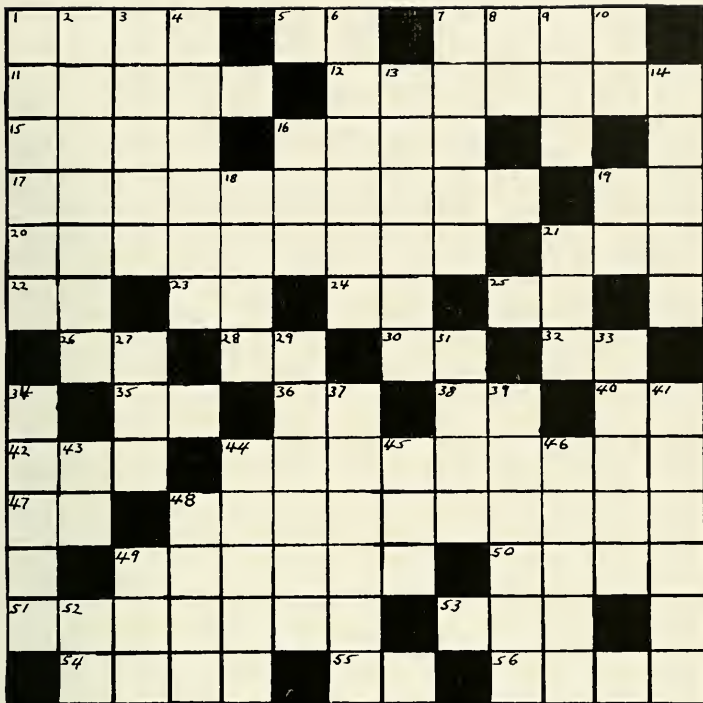
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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

DOWN

1. Put out of office
2. The ——— out (2 words)
3. Get up
4. Took it easy
6. See 49 across.
7. If you do this, you will feel like 4 down
8. In
9. Nervous (Abb.)
10. State of the Union
13. Fall flowers.
14. Dishonor; disgrace
16. The B & O and Reading are two (Abb.)
18. Lab name for ethyl alcohol
19. Musical syllable
21. Life (Heb.)
27. Unit of work
29. Pet
31. Above
33. Buoy
34. Selected
37. Suitable place or position (Abb.)
39. Pininsula on the Black Sea
41. Conjunction
43. Exclamation
44. Shows gratitude
45. Trinity (Abb.)

46. Freezers
48. Send out
49. Walter ———zak
52. Napierian logarithm (symbol)

ACROSS

1. Expensive
5. As soon ———
7. Without (French)
11. Having aural lobes
12. Soda-fountain concoctions
15. Greek letter (Pl.)
16. Tear down, as a building
17. Delicacy made with crustaceans
19. French article
20. Candy store
21. Motor part
22. Each (Abb.)
23. Perform.
24. 365 days (Abb.)
25. Exclamation
26. Seldomly used pronoun
28. High compression (Abb.)
30. ——— and-so
32. On condition that
35. Concerning
36. Article
38. Canadian province (Abb.)
40. Chem. symbol for lutecium
42. Old woman
44. Rule or standard of judgement
47. See 25 across

48. Having to do with electrons moving through a wire.
49. Thrilling (Brit. slang)
50. Distribute
51. Oval shape
53. For each
54. Profits
55. Compass point (Abb.)
56. Masc. name (Pl.)

• • • •

Brazil's Bossa Nova

Neil Resnick

The newest thing that has hit jazz is the samba called the "bossa nova." The American musicians who take jazz to all parts of the world are not engaged in one way traffic. They also bring back to this country music that has caught their fancies on their travels. The most recent importation is the "bossa nova."

This dance is a light, airy and rhythmic jazz samba that has brought a welcome attention to melody back to jazz. Its rhythm might even re-establish jazz as a dancing music.

Jazz has been carrying on flirtations with Latin-American rhythms since its earliest days. In the late forties jazz was hit by an Afro-Cuban epidemic that made bongos and congo drums standard instrumentation in some groups. Attempts to use the samba in jazz terms were being made as early as 1953. The "bossa nova" was developed by young Brazilian musicians in the late fifties.

• • • •

IIE News Release

U.S. Government scholarships for graduate study or research abroad are available for the 1963-64 academic year, under the Fulbright-Hays Act. The grants, administered by the Institute of International Education, provide round-trip transportation, tuition and maintenance for one academic year in any one of 64 countries throughout the world.

In addition, Travel-Only grants, which supplement a scholarship awarded by a foreign university, government or private donor, are available to any one of seven participating countries.

General eligibility requirements are: U. S. citizenship, a Bachelor's degree or its equivalent in professional training, language ability commensurate with the demands of the proposed study project, and good health. Preference is given to applicants under 35 years of age.

Roman Phonetics

(a reprint)

LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT

Wants pawn term dare worsted ladle gull hoe lift wetter murder inner ladle cordage honor itch offer lodge dock florist. Disc ladle gull orphan worry ladle rat cluck wetter putty ladle rat hut, and fur disc raisin pimple colder ladle rat rotten hut. Wam moaning ladle rat rotten hut's murder colder inset.

"Ladle rat rotten hut, hersey ladle basking winsome burden barter an shirker cockles. Tick disc ladle basking tudor cordage offer groinmurder hoe lifts honor udder site offer florist. Shader ladle, dun daily doily florist, dun stopper laundry wrote, and yonder nor sorghum stenches, dun stopper torque wet strainers."

"Hoe-cake, murder," resplendent ladle rat rotten hut, a tickle ladle basking a stuttered oft. Honor wrote tudor cordage offer groinmurder, ladle rat rotten hut mitten anomalous woof.

"Wail, wail, wail," set disc wicket woof, "evenescent ladle rat rotten hut! Wares or putty ladle gull goring wizard ladle basking?"

"Armor goring tumor groinmurder's," reprisal ladle gull. "Grammar's seeking bet. Armor ticking armor burden barter and shirker cockles."

"O hoe! Heifer pheasant woke," setter wicket woof, butter taught tomb shelf, *Oil tickle shirt court tudor cordage offer groinmurder. Oil ketchup wetter letter, an den—O bore!*

Soda wicket woof tucker shirt, court, an whinney retched a cordage offer groinmurder, picked inner windrow an sore debtor pore oil worming worse lion inner bet. Inner flesh disc abdominal woof lipped honor bet, paunched honor pour oil worming an garbled erupt. Dinner corn turntable woof pot honor groinmurder's net cup and gnat gun, any curdled ope inner bet.

Inner ladle wile ladle rat rotten hut a raft attar cordage an ranker dough ball.

"Comb ink, sweat hard," setter wicket woof, disgracing is verse.

Ladle rat rotten hut entity bet rum an stud buyer groinmurder's bet. "Oh, Grammar," crater ladle gull, "wart bag icer gut! A nervous sausage bag icel!"

"Buttered lucky chew wiff, doling," whiskered disc ratchet woof, wetter wicket small.

"O Grammar, water bag noise! A

nervous sore suture anomalous prognosis!"

"Buttered small your whiff," inserted woof, ants mouse worse waddling.

"O Grammar, water bag mouse gut! A nervous sore suture bag mouse!"

Daze worry on forger nut gull's lest warts. Oil offer sodden, caking offer carvers and sprinkling otter bet, disc curl an bloat Thursday woof ceased pore ladle rat rotten hut an grabled erupt.

Mural: Yonder nor sorghum stenches shut ladle gulls stopper torque wet strainers.

Hairs annulled furry starry, toiling udder warts, warts welcher altar girdle deferent firmer once inner regional virgin. — Howard Chace, Oxford, Ohio.

* * * *

The Dance

Matthew Polis

Guess what baby? I've got a plan for world peace.

No. There's nothing in your ears; I really thought of a plan so simple and so effective that if I wrote the President today, there would be friendship between Russia and the United States in less than a year. You know, Russia and the United States, working together, could keep peace forever if they were friends.

When am I going to tell the President? Well, I'm glad you asked. In fact, I was afraid you weren't going to. I'm never going to tell the President.

Don't laugh, I'm serious. I could never tell anyone and I hope no one ever thinks of my plan in the future.

O.K. I'll explain, but you'll have to promise not to interrupt until I'm finished.

There! You interrupted already.

It all started when I was thinking about war and the army and the blood and the guns and the suffering and

... Yes, I was thinking about you too, doll, but please don't interrupt.

Now, I was thinking about all these things and naturally I started to wonder why there is all this trouble. One thing led to another and there I had it, the answer to world peace in simple, practical form that anyone could understand. I was so positive it would work that I started dreaming about this wonderful peace. Can you imagine, about ten years from now when there will be no thought of war and man has used the money he used on

war for conquering all the known diseases, improving education, almost eliminating crime, lengthening the life span to about 200 years and stuff like that? Yes, it's easy to imagine this because these are the nice things, but they're really not so nice. After everything's fixed, what's left? 'Truth' is what's left. 'Truth' is a juicy little word I use for the meaning of love, what life really is, the image of God, the definition of justice, man's reason for being, and other ubiquitous questions that never are fully answered.

Ubiquitous means around all the time like telephone booths. Now please, you promised.

So I got to figuring what would happen if men really did find the truth and that's when I decided never to tell my plan for world peace. No one is ready or will be ready for the truth. Peace would kill us just as dead just as quick, or maybe quicker, than the cold war. I'm not going to elaborate but take my word for it, anyone that's smart enough to think up a solution for the most important problem in the world, is smart enough to know that humans really want everything but peace. We live on trouble, only we don't know it. Of course the temptation of having 'Matt Polis' known by everyone as a world hero is lucrative, but I've got some conscience too you know. After I got done figuring out all these problems, I got more personal. I decided I had about two choices: kill myself, or keep going to college, then make a mint, marry you, drink beer, watch television, chase my secretary around the office and die of measles at the age of 102.

Because I'm a coward that's why.

No, I won't tell you. Put yourself in my place. Would you tell, if you knew the way to stop the world war? That's why I've decided to live the pleasurable life, because I've answered the ultimate question.

You can nibble my ear all you want, I'm not telling you the plan.

No! kiss me 'til your lips fall off, burn bamboo splinters under my fingernails, I still won't tell!

Of course I'm not mad at you baby. Let's twist.

PLEASE PATRONIZE

OUR ADVERTISERS

ARE WE PROTECTED?
(Continued from page 3)

later an announcement was posted in many of the buildings and dormitories on campus. For those who may have missed seeing the announcement, part of it reads as follows:

October 25, 1962

Announcement to: The student body
Del. Valley College of Science
and Agriculture.

Subject: Procedures in case of nuclear attack.

It is recommended that the following procedures be adhered to in case of nuclear attack:

- 1. ALL students remain on campus.
- 2. ALL students report to shelter areas in the basement of buildings that will be designated in the near future.
- 4. Shelters will be provided with supplies sufficient to take care of those in each shelter for the necessary two-week period. All shelters will also be provided with exhaust fans.

We inquired as to why nothing had been done since the announcement was posted, and these were our findings. We were told, in effect, that these things take time. Mr. McGill told us that this whole program was started about one year ago, and in that time appropriations of funds had to be passed, contracts had to be awarded, means of distribution had to be worked out, since there were no guideposts, and that this had never been done before; there were many snags which had to be worked out, and all this takes time. We were also told that this was one of the largest assemblings of supplies ever attempted in the United States, and that we might begin to receive our survival kits in about two months.

While we were in Mr. McGill's office, he showed us what he called a "prerequisite requisition" for the supplies needed by our college. When these forms have been approved, a requisition for the supplies will then be sent to Richmond, Va. When the requisition forms are finally approved, then the supplies will be sent to Philadelphia. After the supplies arrive in Philadelphia they will finally be delivered to the college. This is, we feel, the epitome of "red tape."

We discovered another rather interesting fact. When the college was inspected for possible shelter areas, it was determined that there was room for a total of only one-hundred and

eighty students! This figure was based upon two main factors, the first being that a shelter must have a minimum safety factor of 100:1. This simply means that for every 100 roentgens (radiation units) of radiation outside, only one roentgen will pass through and into the shelter. The second factor is that each person must have at least five-hundred cubic feet of space. We did some rapid calculations, and checked with the Dean's office, and concluded that since there are over five hundred students, faculty members, and office workers on campus during the regular school day, and that since there is space, food, and water for only a hundred and eighty persons, there are three-hundred and twenty or more persons with no place to go in case of an attack. When we asked Mr. McGill about these 320 people, he took his finger and drew a large question mark in the air. This causes one to stop and think for a few moments. How will these 180 people be chosen, if the need should arise? Will it be on a first-come, first-served basis? Shall we let the women go first? Can we lock out 320 people?

Mr. McGill went on to explain more about the civil defense program. He tried to stress the fact that the department of civil defense is not an organization which will spring into action in the event of an attack. Its main purpose is to familiarize the public with methods of survival, and to give needed information, supplies such as food and radiation detecting equipment, and help to any individual or group that might want it. If an intercontinental ballistic missile, or I.C.B.M. as it is popularly called, should be released, there would be absolutely no warning, no time to prepare. People must, therefore, know exactly what to do in case of an attack, and they must be prepared beforehand with food, water, and many other important supplies such as portable radio and sanitary facilities.

We have attempted to present some food for thought, and hope that you may perhaps discuss this many-sided subject when an occasion arises.

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Answer to Crossword Puzzle

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E	A	R	E	D	M	A	L	T	E
P	S	I	S	R	A	S	E	R	H
O	Y	S	T	E	R	S	T	E	L
S	W	E	E	T	S	H	O	P	C
E	A	D	O	Y	R	O	H	E	
Y	E	H	C	S	O	I	F		
C	R	E	A	N	V	C	L	U	
H	A	G	C	R	I	T	E	R	I
O	H	E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C
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WEATHER WISDOM

Sunset Colors: A gray, lowering sunset, or one where the sky is green or yellowish-green, indicates rain. A red sunrise with clouds lowering later in the morning also indicates rain.

Sky Color: A deep blue color of the sky, even when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather; a glowing whiteness an approaching storm.

Visibility: Unusual clearness of the atmosphere, unusual brightness or twinkling of the stars indicates rain.

Fog: Fogs indicate settled weather. A morning fog usually breaks before noon.

Frost: The first frost and the last frost are usually preceded by a temperature very much above the mean.

Rainbows: A morning rainbow is regarded as a sign of rain; an evening rainbow of fair weather.

